

Good Morning 703

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



NEW HOME-COMING for A.B. John Holmes

ABOVE everything else, A.B. at school when "Good Morning" called. Mother says she would like you to know that the next time you come on leave she'll no longer be at the garden gate of 34 Angers Hill Road, Blackpool, to welcome you, but instead will be anxiously awaiting your arrival at her new house down in Sussex—Byron Lodge 2 Byron Road, Worthing.

Together with Mr. and Mrs. Clive, your mother plans to re-open the Brighton branch of the dancing studio, and they are hoping to give demonstrations in ballroom dancing.

Your sister, Jean, was away

We are sure Jean will join your mother in saying: "Hope you will soon be joining us, dear; take great care of yourself and hurry home."

Everyone sends their kindest regards and best wishes—that goes for us, too, Johnny.

Anyone Fancy Birds?

ANY of you boys pigeon fanciers? You will find the breed improved out of all knowledge as a result of war work by carrier pigeons.

It would be strange if it were not so, when the R.A.F. (the chief pigeon user) has spent all those years and quite a spot of money training the birds, investigating every possibility of getting them to travel greater distances in quicker time, instructing them in fresh duties and teaching them new wiles.

Headquarters of the R.A.F. Pigeon Research is somewhere in the Home Counties. All kinds of queer things go on there.

Sometimes the carriers don't know whether they are standing on their legs or beaks.

For instance, every pre-war self-respecting pigeon knew that all he had to do when he got back to base was to spot the dear quarters by any other means: old pigeon-cot, or loft, and fold brought in S.O.S. calls from his wings. When he was on service in the early days of the war, and had to find a strange homing-ground, he had the same kind of place to fetch up at.

But that's all changed. Now-a-days the bewildered bird goes through a three, to six, weeks' training at the R.A.F. station being taught to seek out a well-camouflaged hole in the ground or some such unlikely spot for his "home."

This makes things a bit difficult for the pigeon, but far more difficult for the enemy.

In 1943, over 14,000 birds were doing war-work—or being trained for it. That number decreased a good deal as time went on, for various reasons. R.A.F. pigeon stations were set up in many places overseas, including Gibraltar, West Africa and the Middle and Far East.

They've done splendid work, these feathered boys: got vital messages through when it was impossible to get in touch with headquarters by any other means; stranded airmen when the radio has been busted; saved many lives and situations—and often died or been badly wounded in the cause of duty.

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

These are the Jobs the Turf can Offer

W. H. Millier has been invited this week to write on the prospects of horse racing.

I SHOULD not care to say that horse-racing has many post-war opportunities for you. If you are wealthy enough to become an owner it is hardly likely that you will be thinking about earning your living in sport, so we may at once dismiss the all-important individual, without whose contributions to racing the game would become as dead as mutton.

There are very few owners who have succeeded in making racing pay. I believe the Aga Khan is one of the notable exceptions, but then he was a millionaire to start with, and was able to buy up all the best bloodstock that his very alert mind told him was worth owning.

Already there are signs that this question of owning racehorses will become a serious matter if the present high rate of taxation continues. There will be few men rich enough to run strings of expensive racehorses, at a dead loss; and then some other means will have to be devised if racing is to be kept going.

The owners have made the first move towards tackling this problem by forming themselves into an Association for the purpose of ensuring that the prize-money pays for the outlay of ownership.

I think we can safely leave the owners to take care of themselves, but as all the other positions in racing depend upon owners of horses it is to be hoped that they succeed in their efforts to make the sport more attractive.

There is not much point in going into details to explain how you can become jockeys, because the chances are that

you cannot do anything of the sort, at least, in flat-racing.

Apart from the fact that the vast majority of you would be too heavy, it is tolerably certain that you would be too old to start, except perhaps as amateurs under National Hunt rules; and what we are really trying to determine is whether there are any openings in racing as a means of livelihood.

You have to make a very early start if you are to become a flat-race jockey. Trainers, when they take apprentices, like to have them as young as possible, preferably whilst still attending school. That is where the sons of trainers usually score. They are put into a saddle soon after they are able to walk, and thus horsemanship becomes almost as natural to them as walking.

Even so, of all the boys that are apprenticed to trainers only a very small percentage become jockeys and of these fewer still become successful jockeys.

It is just a select band of professional riders that shares the pickings and they continue year after year whilst the unknown jockeys are eating out their hearts waiting for winning mounts.

Most of these just remain stable lads at what must be the poorest paid of all skilled jobs. It is indeed a skilled job to look after racehorses that cost many thousands of pounds, but to the poor stable lad it is mainly a labour of love.

The war has caused a great shortage of stable lads, and if trainers want to find ready helpers when their stables become full again they will have to make the job a more attractive one, with a living wage as the first consideration.

It is possible to get a licence to train, but this pre-supposes a sound knowledge of racing

stables, and although a lucky individual without this knowledge may be granted a licence, it is hardly to be expected that he would find owners ready to entrust their horses to him.

Still, I can recall several successful trainers who had never served an apprenticeship, or had previously been engaged in a racing stable. One of the most notable was Tom Coulthwaite, who had been a trainer of Athletes.

After he had turned out many champion runners he switched his attention to horses and applied the lessons learned in handling athletes to his four-footed charges with astonishing good results. He was one of the most successful trainers of his time.

Then more recently there is Harry Hedges, the Epsom trainer, who started in a very small way after coming out of the Army. I am not too sure about it, but I don't think Hedges had been previously engaged in racing. He had not been training long and had only about two horses in his stable when he startled the racing world by training a big race winner.

If you have some knowledge of horses, you may be able to persuade some friend who owns a racehorse or two to allow you to try your luck, provided, of course, that you can satisfy the Jockey Club that you are a fit and proper person to hold a licence.

Perhaps you may have a small nest-egg and are well able to buy a couple of cheap racehorses, if you are lucky enough to get them. That would make things much easier in starting out to become a trainer. It has been done and the possibilities still exist.

If the racing fever has you in its grip, you will seek out every means of getting in on the ground floor. If it is out of

the question for you to become a trainer, you might get a job with a bookmaker and eventually become a layer of odds yourself.

These are the blokes who make most money out of the game, but it is a calling that needs to be learned in all its ramifications, and the best way to learn is to become a bookmaker's clerk, a job that needs a quick head for figures.

There are professional backers, but these do not last very long. Even the lucky ones generally give it all back at the finish, so the last thing I would do is to advise you to embark on this hazardous way of trying to make a living.

Many people succeed in making a living as tipsters, which shows how gullible is a large portion of the British public. They would not so readily part with their money in return for questionable information if they would only stop to think it out.

If the tipster had the knowledge of so many "certainties," he would have no need to spend money in advertising and work

USELESS EUSTACE



"Ah, good morning! Is madam in?"

hard at despatching letters and wires, because he could make more money by backing the horses himself. That type of philanthropist does not exist in this world.

I do not, of course, refer to the racing correspondents of newspapers, whose job it is to study form until their eyes are worn out. They also collect all the information that is going and pass it on to their readers. There is a lot of hard work put into the job of making racing selections for newspapers, but that is by the way.

In one way or another racing provides jobs for thousands of people, directly or indirectly, and for the fellow with ideas there are always fresh openings. The tote is likely to be expanded still further on all courses after the war, and some nice jobs will be going begging at the outset.

Totalisator staffs are engaged by the Racecourse Betting Control Board. The address is 5 Praed Street, London, W.2.

The gramophone is playing it and sister Connie is feeding the tune to the gramophone.



Record News for A.B. Allan Bowman

THAT'S a Bing record being put on the turntable by your sister Connie, A.B. Allan Bowman, and all the others are ready and waiting for you as soon as you get home to 26, Goldsdown Close, Enfield, again. There is also a recent addition to the collection, which should please you. It is "Tico-Tico," sung by the Andrews Sisters.

Your father told us that the gramophone isn't used much these days, with all the family away from home, and he finds everything nice and peaceful. Even so, he and mother will be very glad when you are all together again.

Mum and Dad hear fairly regularly from your brothers and sisters, and they all send their best wishes and hope to meet you again before long.

Incidentally, there's one member of the family who's changed her name since you've been away. Marian is now Mrs. Alf. Carter! Another change at 26, has occurred in the

number of pets that now inhabit the hearth-rug. Sailor spends most of the time these days in washing her two kittens, Stoker and Torps.

Apart from these two items of news, everything is more or less the same at Goldsdown Close, Allan.

Dad was not quite sure, when we called, whether he had to go to work or not, because everyone was expecting the announcement of VE-Day at that time. He told us that he is still getting beer at the "Top-House," and also a game of darts now and then.

Young Billy came home from school just as we were leaving, and he told us he'd been making flags to hang up in the class-room ready for VE-Day.

Everyone, in fact, was getting ready to celebrate, but there won't be a real celebration at your home until all the family is together again—and Dad can once more complain about the noise.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Mozzie was Bred in a Barn

AT the time of Munich the fast, light bomber was first put into production, it was discussed and decided to design a small, fast, bomber—unable to carry a heavy bomb load and, by virtue of its speed, would be able to elude enemy interceptors.

In December, 1939, the Design Staff commenced work, and in spite of many set-backs deHavilland's had their prototype flying by the 25th of November, 1940. Since then, the D.H. 98—"Mosquito"—has flown in a variety of types.

In most of the roles in which they serve, Mosquitos are to-day the fastest, most efficient and most successful aircraft flying.

When the Mosquito was first envisaged, it was felt that the design should have two Rolls Royce Merlin Engines and a crew of not more than two men. There is no doubt that the experience gained with the D.H. "Comet" during the England-Australia Air Race of 1934 greatly influenced this design.

The aircraft was to be made of wood for three main reasons. Firstly, British Metal Industries would be taxed to the limit on materials and labour in war. Secondly, if the prototype were built and developed in wood, a year might be saved as compared with a metal aircraft; and thirdly deHavilland's had long experience of wood constructions.

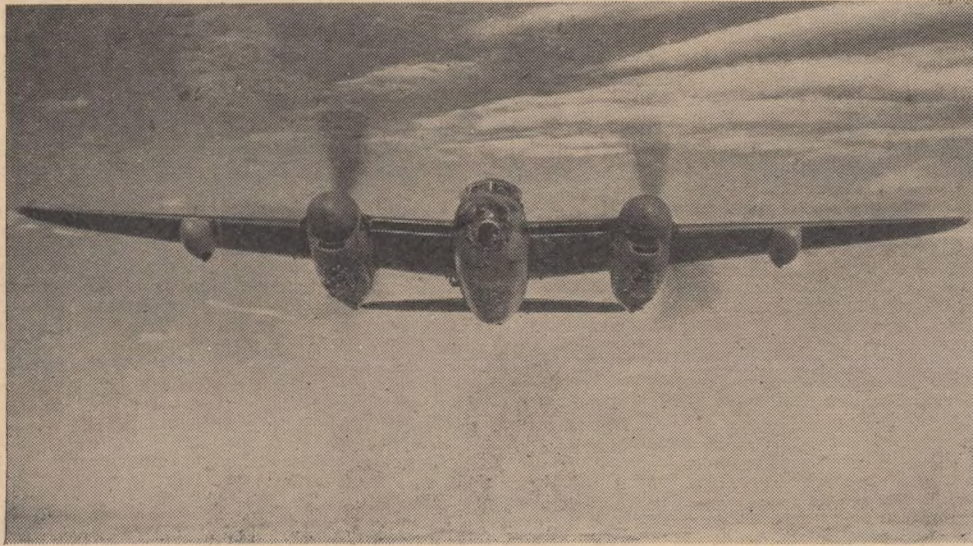
Events were to prove the soundness and fore-sight of this reasoning.

When the formula of this

the Air Ministry, it was treated as being too revolutionary and therefore unrealistic in the circumstances, but an interest in the design was later aroused, especially in the possibilities of evolving a Reconnaissance aircraft.

By Christmas 1940 deHavilland's were told to go ahead with the work of construction. It was agreed that the plane

German cloud hopping raiders built and first flew on May 15th, 1941. To save three precious weeks—necessary to dismantle the plane at the house and the construction of prototype shop and take it by road to the Aerodrome, where



should have the specifications originally envisaged for it. With no outside interference or control to hamper them, deHavilland's Design Staff got through their work in record time.

BORN IN BARN.

But meanwhile the war was going badly. After Dunkirk the fear of invasion loomed large, and because of incessant

tinued, in a small hangar disguised as a barn!

The prototype mosquito emerged from this barn and made its first flight without mishap. All nearby R.A.F. stations had been warned to instruct their pilots to leave the "yellow job" alone. The prototype was handed over to Air Ministry for official trials on 19th February, 1941.

A fighter prototype was also

it would be reassembled—Geoffrey deHavilland flew this model, the second Mosquito to fly straight off a sloping 450 yard field next to the "barn" and prototype shop.

The plane just cleared some trees, one wing low, and zoomed into the sky. Everyone agreed it had been a very touch-and-go take-off.

If it had crashed, Britain might never have possessed

PETER VINCENT

The air correspondent relates the dramatic history of Britain's fastest most efficient aircraft, the mosquito

one of her best fighter aircraft.

Although the Mosquito had been designed as a fast bomber, it started its operational career, on the 20th September, 1941, on a photographic mission to Bordeaux and Brest. Its speed left enemy 109's and 110's far behind.

Soon "Mozzies," as they're known in the R.A.F., were flying on long range reconnaissance missions all over Europe. They could do a round-trip to Russia or North Africa in one day, and made it possible, for the first time, to have the entire enemy disposition under constant photographic surveillance.

The results of this photographic reconnaissance provided intelligence which was vital to those responsible for the planning of Britain's war strategy.

In May, 1942, the Mozzie Bombers and Fighter squadrons became operational. On

May 31st, Mosquitoes at last did the job they were originally designed to do, when at dawn they attacked Cologne with 500lb. delayed-action bombs.

Skimming in at roof-top height, through the smoke of the bombed city (it had had a 1,000 bomber raid a few hours previously), all the "Mozzies" laid their eggs within 11 seconds and were gone before the first of their bombs went off.

But it was not until September 26th that public mention was first made of them after they had raided the Gestapo Headquarters at Oslo, where this same bombing technique was used.

LIGHTWEIGHT ARM.

In the meantime, Mosquitos had been adapted for night fighter and intruder work. Equipped with four cannon, giving a fire power of 2,836 h.p. by U.S. measurements, these Mosquitos could destroy locomotives.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Which is bigger, a quart or a litre?
2. Which anniversary is your "wooden" wedding?
3. What is the proper name for "sugar of lead"?
4. In what country did the onion originate?

5. Of what commodity could you buy a "dicker"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Mildred, Letitia, Valentine, Ursula, Eunice.

Answers to Quiz in No. 702

1. Metre.
2. Tenth.
3. Ammonia.
4. Italy.
5. Hock (wine).
6. Soufflé is never a soup; others are.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

LATEST rival to Sinatra and Crosby in the crooner stakes is tough-guy Victor McLaglen.

In Columbia's "Rough, Tough and Ready," McLaglen sings a verse and two choruses of "Home on the Range," in a bath-tub scene. The orchestra added a musical accompaniment afterwards. They said it was easier that way—they didn't know what the key was going to be until McLaglen decided on it while the cameras were turning.

His interpretation is cautiously described as "original," and McLaglen is reported to have ordered several recordings to give to friends—or rather, those who are friends up to the arrival of the record.

HOLLYWOOD is nothing if not thorough. They have technical advisers for this and technical advisers for that, and the latest idea is for the studios to hire doctors to make people sick, to maim them, and to see that they suffer properly.

Doctors are always on the set when hospital scenes are being shot, to see that bandages are on straight and that a man with a "fractured" leg is not treated for the wrong injury.

If you saw the way some of the bandages were tied, you would realise why some of the "patients" really look as though they are in pain.

FORMERLY trombonist with Henry Hall's Orchestra, Miff Smith has now joined up with crooner Bobbie Ray in a double act.

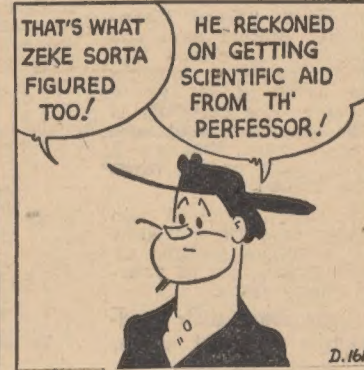
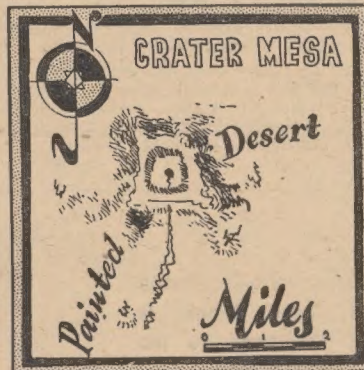
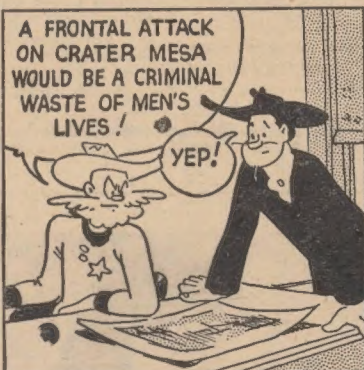
Like Miff, the glamorous Bobbie has done a lot of broadcasting, and their new act is to consist of cross-talk, vocalism, and, of course, Miff's trombone playing.

It should be good.

A PART of the countryside normally used for military operations was used as a location site for shots of the new Gainsborough period film, "The Wicked Lady," starring Margaret Lockwood, James Mason and Patricia Roc.

Military co-operation ensured that tanks did not make an unexpected appearance in a 17th-century country scene.

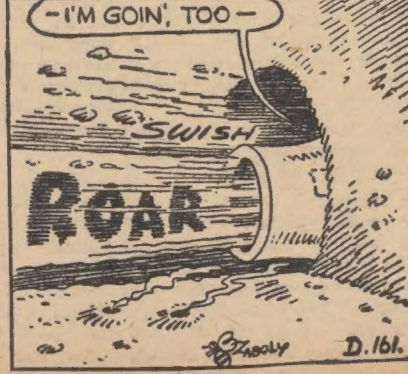
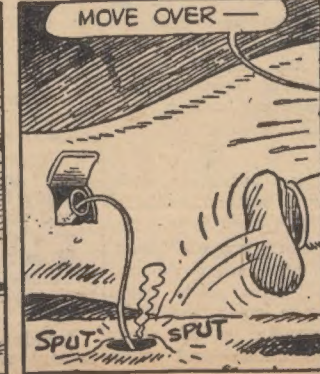
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Good Morning



NICE GIRL WEDS SAILOR.

When Joan Clarke, aged 21, of Southend, married her sailor, they decided to hold the wedding breakfast on the beach. So they spread a cloth on the shingle and proceeded to cut the wedding cake—eyed enviously by all the kids. One of the guests drinks his breakfast out of a bottle—eyed enviously by all in this office!



THIS ENGLAND

Haymaking finished for the day, these farm workers near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, cart the last load before adjourning to the local for well-earned pints of wallop.



★ "So you think you can play ball, fella? Well, you lie down and hold this ball, and I'll show you how a drop-kick should be executed. Only thing is, tuck your head in—in case my foot slips!" ★



TRANSATLANTIC LAMP-POST!

He's getting quite a big boy now, is 19-year-old Robert Wadlow, of New York—in fact, already there is 8 feet 7 inches of him! When he travels by plane in future—if he keeps growing—it will have to be on a super-Super-Fortress!



★ "Mother, can I go in to swim?" ★
 "Yes, my darling daughter—But don't let the gentlemen see your (toe) Keep it under the water."
 —Anon.



Allez-ooop! The only dachshund acrobat in captivity does his stuff on the slack wire. See him throw his chest out. A roll on the drums for Dennis the Dachshund, please.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"A roll on the grass for Dennis, if I get him!"